10/16/69

Dear Dave,

It is a great tragedy you didn't stick to the papier-mache trees and Brown and Hoot tunnels as the key to the assassination, for in these vaporizings you were more rational, more reasonable, closer to a human and perhaps did less disservice than in anything you have since done.

Until recently I have believe you are a sick man, no more. Now I recognize the probable error here (unlike you and your sick pretenses, I make no claim to infallibility and do acknowledge my own error). Whether or not an unfortunate illness can accounts for those rotten things you do and apparently delight in, it is impossible not to recognize you as a man of the most sincere and dedicated evil.

On my first trip to California, I avoided you until Bill O'Connell said it would be personally embarrassing to him if I didn't see you because you'd hound you. Until recently I believed this was papier-mache backlash. But in facing your "challenge" (Liftonism for defamation) I went over my files and learned that before we had ever meto you were busily engaged in spreading slanders about me. You are consistent, for you have never stopped, and if you have been man enough to respond to the an swer you solicited to those charges you made, without exception false and for the most part manufactured, it is unknown to me.

When I call you a year ago it was because others asked it. You then, aside from the most amateurish efforts at pumping me, beseeched I believe you about Thornley because you believe Thornley. You admitted you have no other source on him, take what he says at face value because you, in your infallible (papier-mache) judgement believe him an honest man. I could learn the truth about him by looking up a former roomate of an earlier era. I gave you certain touchstones to his integrity and challenged you to check them out. You have been silent. At that time I assured you I had nothing to do with Thornley's situation in New Orleans. I realize you will not believe anything I say, but I invite you to cite a shred or what even your tortured mind can twist into evidence on the other side. Remember that basis of your other slander? I did seek out his friend to warn him and to offer any help I could, for it was inevitable that Garrison would get interested in Thornley. Now you vomit this nonsense:" I only hope that the type of hearsay you have relied upon in making life miserable for Kerry Thornley is of a somewhat higher quality" (than what you say not). I challenge you to support each of the parts of this concatination of the guff you have been feeding the yokels: what I have used about Thornley that is hearsay; what I did to make life miserable for him (I know well enough what you two bums did to hurt me); that I relied on hearsay in anything I published about him; You are so used to passing of your fancies as fact, associating as you do with those who know nothing about it, you have, I suggest, been farried away by your own propaganda. And I remind you, you have not the slightest idea of what my interest in Thornley is or what I have supporting it, what your unique genius tells you is "hearsay" or anything else.

That you evdade my last letter is no surprise. You have developed the Commission-lawyer mentality. An FBI agent goes to Zapruder, rather late, in any decent investigation, to learn the speed of the camera when it took the picture, and you are without criticism of him but criticize me for accurate quotation. And, of course, with your friend Liebeler the man whose responsibility it was to get all this in the record and <u>straight</u> in the record, you are without criticisim or comment on his deficiencies. Instead, you pull his chestnuts. Or try to.

Unlike you, I did not make a study of the Zapruder camera by studying an entirely different one because unlile you, I do not think or perform as the Liebelers and Barretts.

For an man who has been spreading the rot you have about me, it is strange to hear you talking about me making life miserable for poor Thornley, who only framed a dead friend and history with him, or to r ad that I "simply refu use to back down when shown your error". This from the man who got together with poor. decent, sweet, loveable Kerry to frame the innocent Heindell? (Under oath, I add). When you were co fronted with the utter falsehood of what your strange sickness ultimately persuad d you to believe was true, where is your retraction? When confronted with the contemporaneous documentation that you lied deliberately about the Reseda matter (if, in factm you dod not contrive all of it at the time), where is your apology, explanation, confession of error?

When I add two documented things, the FBI statement on the speed at which apruder took his pictures and the fact of an error of a third in the filmed reconstruction, that somehow becomes irresponsible. What is responsible s is what you do (only because you did it): you conjecture the FBI agent cannot distingguish between 24 and 25, is unaware of ASA numbers and, in fact, does not know what he went to see Zapruder for, and all in terms on an entirely different camera. His erroneous report you now describe as his "alleged misreporting". How much in Liebeler's pocket are you, Dave?

The truth is you simple lack any of the attributes of either manhood or decency or honesty. Whe a year ago I chhllenged you to prove the lies you were then spreading about me, a rather unique way of helping establish the truth about thenassassination, challenged you to send me the filth you were distributing, you said you would and you didn't. You dared not risk a written record of your deliberate evil. You have not since. Instead, you have been careful to be more careful, so that it would not come to my attention. I acknolwedge your success. Had you not foolishly and overconfidently made a silly challenge, I'd not have known about it. I'd just have continue wondering what lay behind strange things. Your silence when faced down on your own challenge is sufficient measure of you integrity.

It is also a measure of your purposes. You told me an indulgent father was grubstaking you (he must love futilities). Had it been an "uncle" rather than a father, it would be no more consistent with the only ends you infamous career serves. You defend Liebeler, major arch tect of this awful thing that has happened to and in our country; you defend the FBI "alleged misreporting, indeed!); you act as an agent of all those who did this terrible thing.

Your letter is the silly non-response of a wayward, wilfull child. It addresses nothing, evades what you cannot answer, hangs upon r peated lies you either by now know are lies or rfused to check out when you could. If I thought you capable of shame or any other decent motives, I'd tell you to be ashmed of what you have been doing. Thatwwierd ego of yours, cofronted with a record singularly free of constructive accomplishment, must be hard to live with.

For all this time, even after, belated, I learned of the really bad things you were doing, I have been silent because there are better ways of spending time, because there is nthing to be gained by sinking into your sewer, and because trying to disabuse a man who creates what he wants to believe and insistes proof and fact are immaterial is an impossibility. However, I am not, like you, a coward, sneaking around behind peoples' backs. You give me a challenge and I do not hide.

I love your concluding sentence: "If you ever have anything nice, constructive, or truthful to say --- feel free to write". (Would you recognize any of these things? How could I say anything nice about what you have been up to?) This sentence is an invitatiin to cast pearls before swine.

Harold Weisberg